

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

Peperiksaan Semester Kedua
Sidang 1985/86

HKB 211 - Kesusasteraan Afrika Moden

Tarikh: 14 April 1986

Masa: 9.00 pagi - 12.00 tgh.
(3 jam)

Jawab EMPAT(4) soalan sahaja, DUA(2) soalan daripada Bahagian A dan SATU(1) soalan daripada tiap-tiap Bahagian B dan C.

BAHAGIAN A - Jawab dua(2) soalan.

1. Didapati berbagai konflik telah timbul akibat dari kedatangan bangsa kulit putih ke negeri-negeri di benua Afrika. Dengan memberikan penelitian khusus kepada novel Thing Falls Apart oleh Chinua Achebe dan A Grain of Wheat oleh James Ngugi, bincangkan bagaimanakah kesannya ke atas jiwa Okonkwo, prot-agonis Thing Falls Apart dan Mugo, salah satu watak penting di dalam A Grain of Wheat.
2. Tidak dapat dinafikan A Man of the People oleh Chinua Achebe dan The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born oleh Ayi Kwei Armah merupakan dua buah karya yang mengkritik kehidupan rakyat Nigeria dan Ghana dalam masa sepuluh tahun pertama selepas kedua buah negara berkenaan mencapai kemerdekaan masing-masing. Jelaskan bagaimanakah Chinua Achebe dan Ayi Kwei Armah memperlihatkan kepincangan kehidupan di kedua buah negara berkenaan menerusi karya masing-masing.
3. Novel The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born oleh Ayi Kwei Armah telah menyarankan satu judul yang ironik dan simbolik mengenai harapan murni (infant hope) rakyat Ghana selepas mencapai kemerdekaan. Bagaimanakah anda boleh mengaitkan tema ini dengan watak-watak penting di dalam novel ini.
4. Adalah jelas, peranan kuasa ghaib mengambil tempat yang penting di kalangan ahli masyarakat Omokachi di dalam novel The Concubine oleh Elechi Amadi. Bincangkan sejauh manakah kezaman diri Ekwueme berjaya mengatasi sumpahan kuasa ghaib ini untuk memiliki Ihuoma?

BAHAGIAN B - Jawab satu(1) soalan.

5. "In Memoriam" dan "Night of Sine" adalah dua buah sajak oleh Leopold Sedar Senghor yang ditulis semasa berada di Paris. Dengan memberikan analisa terperinci kepada imej-imej dan simbol yang terdapat di dalam kedua buah sajak ini, bincangkan bagaimanakah Senghor menerapkan perasaan nostalgiknya terhadap tanahairnya Afrika?

6. Dengan memberikan tumpuan khusus kepada dua buah sajak; "Afrika" oleh David Diop dan "When Negro Teeth Speak" oleh Ouologuem Yambo, jelaskan bagaimanakah kedua penyair berkenaan memperlihatkan pencarian ke arah identiti keafrikaan menerusi kedua karya mereka.

BAHAGIAN C - Jawab satu(1) soalan.

7. A Dance of the Forest, adalah sebuah drama oleh Wole Soyinka yang melambangkan 'gathering of the tribe'. Pada akhir drama ini terdapat satu adegan tarian primitif yang mengandungi kejadian pengarakan Abiku. Apakah tanggapan anda mengenai kepulangan Abiku kepada ibunya "The Dead Woman" berhubung dengan kewujudan negara Nigeria?

8. Kebanyakan watak di dalam drama A Dance of the Forest karya Wole Soyinka dibentuk watak pendua yang mengisi dua zaman yang berlainan. Bincangkan apakah kepentingannya yang dapat ditanggapi menerusi teknik ini?

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Leopold Sedar Senghor

IN MEMORIAM

It is Sunday.
I fear the crowd of my brothers with stony faces.
From my tower of glass filled with pain, the nagging Ancestors
I gaze at roofs and hills in the fog
In the silence - the chimneys are grave and bare.
At their feet sleep my dead, all my dreams are dust
All my dreams, the liberal blood spills all along the streets,
mixing with the blood of the butcheries.
And now, from this observatory as from a suburb
I watch my dreams float vaguely through the streets, lie at
the hills' feet
Like the guides of my race on the banks of Gambia or Saloum,
Now of the Seine, at the feet of these hills.
Let me think of my dead!
Yesterday it was Toussaint, the solemn anniversary of the sun
And no remembrance in any cemetery.
Ah, dead ones who have always refused to die, who have known how
to fight death
By Seine or Sins, and in my fragile veins pushed the invincible
blood,
Protect my dreams as you have made your sons, wanderers on
delicate feet.
Oh Dead, protect the roofs of Paris in the Sunday fog
The roofs which guard my dead
That from the perilous safety of my tower I may descend to
the streets
To join my brothers with blue eyes
With hard hands.

NIGHT OF SINE

Woman, rest on my brow your balsom hands, your hands gentler
than fur.

The tall palm-trees swinging in the nightwind

Hardly rustle. Not even cradlesongs,

The rhythmic silence rocks us.

Listen to its song, listen to the beating of our dark blood,
listen

To the beating of the dark pulse of Africa in the mist of
lost villages.

Now the tired moon sinks towards its bed of slack water,
Now the peals of laughter even fall asleep, and the bards
themselves

Dandle their heads like children on the backs of their
mothers.

Now the feet of the dancers grow heavy and heavy grows
the tongue of the singers.

This is the hour of the stars and of the night that dreams
And reclines on this hill of clouds, draped in her long
gown of milk.

The roofs of the houses gleam gently. What are they telling
so confidently to the stars?

Inside the hearth is extinguished in the intimacy of bitter
and sweet scents.

Woman, light the lamp of clear oil, and let the children in
bed talk about their ancestors, like their parents.

Listen to the voice of the ancients of Elissa. Like we,
exiled,

They did not want to die, lest their seminal flood be lost
in the sand.

Let me listen in the smoky but for the shadowy visit of
propitious souls,

My head on your breast glowing, like a kuskus ball smoking
out of the fire,

Let me breathe the smell of our dead, let me contemplate and
repeat their living voice, let me learn

To live before I sink, deeper than the diver, into the lofty
depth of sleep.

AFRICA

Africa my Africa
Africa of proud warriors in ancestral savannahs
Africa of whom my grandmother sings
On the banks of the distant river
I have never known you
But your blood flows in my veins
Your beautiful black blood that irrigates the fields
The blood of your sweat
The sweat of your work
The work of your slavery
The slavery of your children
Africa tell me Africa
Is this you this back that is bent
This back that breaks under the weight of humiliation
This back trembling with red scars
And saying yes to the whip under the midday sun
But a grave voice answers me
Impetuous son that tree young and strong
That tree there
In splendid loneliness amidst white and faded flowers
That is Africa your Africa
That grows again patiently obstinately
And its fruit gradually acquire
The bitter taste of liberty.

Ouologuem Yambo

WHEN NEGRO TEATH SPEAK

Everyone thinks me a cannibal
But you know how people talk

Everyone sees my red gums but who
Has while ones
Up with tomatoes

Everyone says tewer tourists will come
Now
But you know
We aren't in America and anyway everyone
Is broke

Everyone says it's my fault and is afraid
But look
My teeth are while not red
I haven't eaten anyone

People are wicked and say I gobble
the tourists roasted
Or perhaps grilled
Roasted or grilled I asked them
They fell silent and looked fearfully at my gums
Up with tomatoes

Everyone knows an arable country has agriculture
Up with vegetables
